

Poetry Corner

*A vision came to me one night as I slept,
My ancestors stood by my bed as they wept
I wondered about the tears that slid down their cheeks.
"The whitemen," they replied, "have taken our lands and our
creeks."*

*"And that is not all!" My great Uncle cried.
"They've stripped us of honor, independence and pride!"*

*Then out of the crowd stepped a gray haired old man,
who we all recognized as the chief of the clan.*

*Silence spread quickly through the ancestral crowd,
As the chief expressed his wise thoughts out loud.*

*"My friends," the chief began in a quivery tone
"It is time we leave these younger people alone."
"For we are nearing the end of our Earthly days,
And it is now up to them to save the old ways"*

*I awoke with a start and a smile on my face,
Looking forward to saving the ways of the Athabascan race.*

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